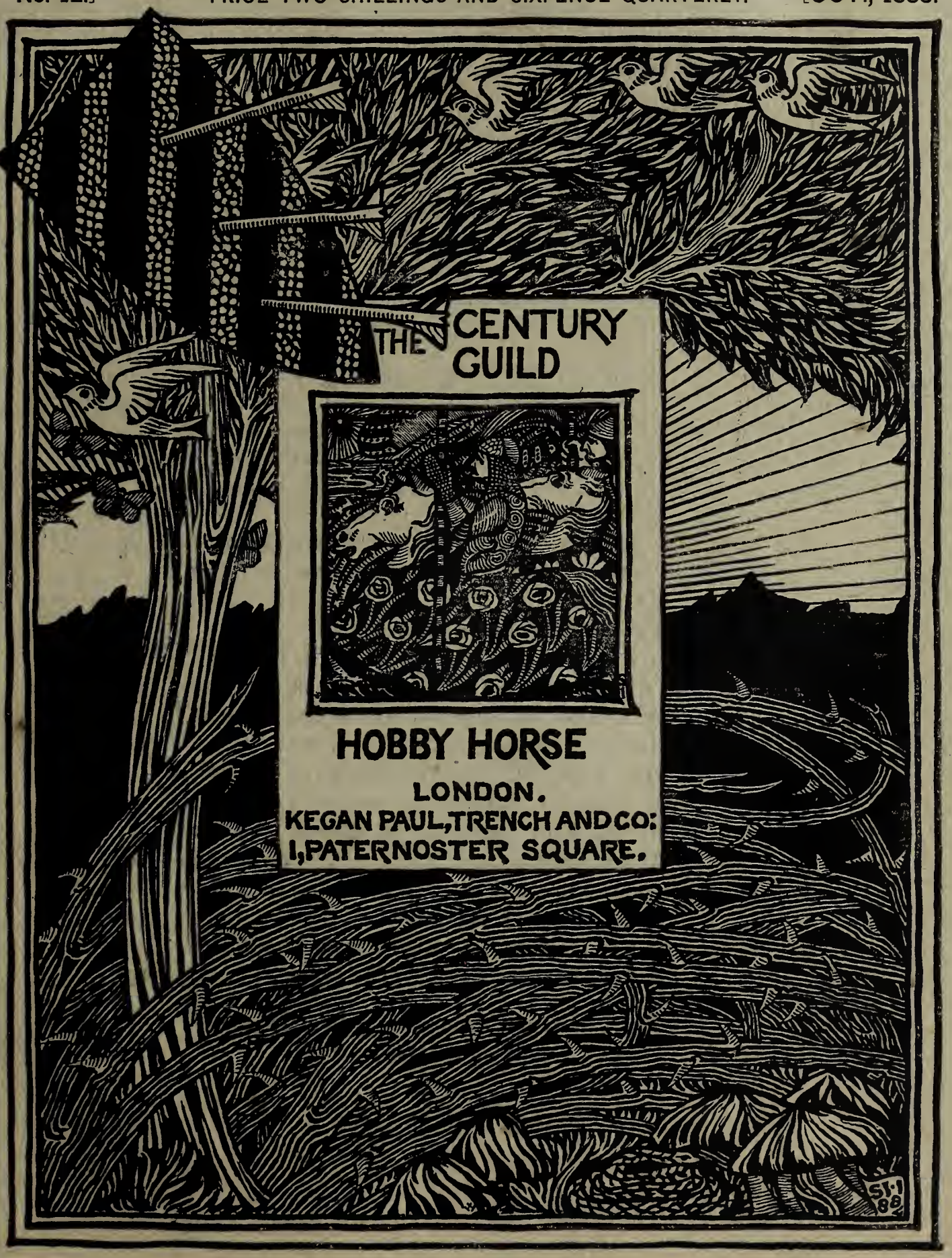
No. 12.] PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE QUARTERLY. [OCT., 1888.



THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE

That in future this Periodical, commencing with the next number, that is to say of January, 1889, will be published by the Proprietors at the Chiswick Press, 21, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

The Editor.

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King Rene's Honeymoon

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BUNDLE OF LETTERS: GIVING A SELECTION FROM THREE OR FOUR OF THE LESS UNINTERESTING OF THEM.

There lies before me a packet of some five-and-twenty or thirty letters, tied across by a piece of red-tape, which a correspondent has sent to the Editor of the Hobby Horse, with the expression of his hope or fancy, that some things may be found in them of use for the Magazine. The Editor, unfortunately, has at this late moment more things on his hands than he knows how to conscientiously deal with: and upon me, therefore, who am his very humble servant to order, he has imposed the task of looking over these letters, and extracting from them any passages which seem to be worth publication. A troublesome and thankless task, I fear. Who is the writer of these commended epistles, and what are they about? Perhaps some sentimental youth, or young lady, writing to their "dear friend" vague platitudes on "things too high for them": perhaps an old gentleman moralizing: or, worst of all, a tourist revelling in descriptions. The art of letter-writing, they assure us, like the art of prayer-writing, has died out. The penny-post, the railroads, telegrams, and, what on receiving one in the first days of their invention a dear old Scotch servant of ours, long since gone to the rest or the reward of a life-long faithfulness, indignantly called "them nasty open things," the half-penny post-card, have ruined it. Mr. Ruskin has somewhere said about trains, that all we demand of them is, that they shall carry us, like parcels, as quickly as may be from one place to another: the old, leisurely delight in the very travelling itself is no more. And all that we demand now-a-days of a letter is, that it shall tell us as quickly as may be what our correspondent has to say: who has time, amid our increasingly important concerns, to linger over the delicate felicity with which he says it? upon my soul, the more I think of it the more I wish this preposterous packet had miscarried, or been stolen by a dishonest postman, as sometimes one hears of things happening. The sight of it makes me shudder at the fatal organization of our postal arrangements. I wish I had been strong-minded enough to

have told my editorial slave-driver to his face, that I would have nothing to do with the thing. Well, anyhow I will have nothing to do with it to-night. To-morrow evening I will gird myself to the task. To-night I will seek refreshment, and a temporary forgetfulness of my burden, in a stroll abroad, a cigar, a glass of some crystal liquid, a chat with the fair bearer of it.

August 21st, midnight. I have had grace enough to keep to my resolve like a man. I have refused an invitation to dine at Kettner's, and another to go to the play-house; why is it that these rare enjoyments always offer themselves at infelicitous moments? At half-past seven o'clock, punctually, I sat down at my desk, and quietly untied the knot of pink tape. I have read the letters all through faithfully. They had one virtue at any rate to start with, they were not scrawled, but written. Why are most of us so rude to our friends, that we do not write but scribble to them? Surely it is nearly as impertinent a habit as mumbling out one's words, or talking with one's mouth full. What conceited people we are to fancy our utterances are worth *trouble* in deciphering them! my temper was certainly a little mollified by this writer's caligraphy; it put me in the mood to see virtues, not to damn vices: but perhaps the readers of the Hobby Horse will wish it had been otherwise. I do not pretend to be impartial, and above being influenced by the most trivial details: and a fairly written MS. is at all events a compliment to your reader, which only pure ill-conditionedness will make him insensible to. As far as I can judge, these letters are written by a middle-aged man to a young friend of his, a lad or a youth, whose character and parts interest him, and suggest some strong hopes that they will develope one of these days to fine issues. The name of the boy is, I imagine, a playful nickname only: the name of the writer I must of course withhold. To-morrow I will finally select the letters which seem to me most worth the risk of printing, three or four of them at most, probably. To-night I am too tired for anything else but to fall off asleep as fast as indulgent Nature will let me.

August 22nd. I have selected five letters out of the eight-and-twenty. I will omit their dates and addresses, which can be of no interest; and for the convenience of the

readers of this Magazine, I will write at the commencement of each a short heading as to what they are mainly about. Here, then, they are.

Letter I. *Of the Art of Listening.* "My dear Leonardo, ... I was out the other evening at an 'At-Home.' In old days people asked their friends to dine with them: but in London, and in our large towns, society has become a thing so vast and unmanageable, people have so long a list of friends and acquaintances, that neither their purses, nor their time, will allow them to offer the old-fashioned hospitality; and one of our modern institutions is by necessity the 'At Home.' And in palatial houses this method of entertainment may certainly be agreeable enough. In spacious and handsome rooms an able host and hostess may gather together their acquaintance with excellent opportunities for conversation, and, let us say, for hearing good music, or enjoying some other form of pleasing entertainment. But the facilities of Grosvenor House do not exist in our residences up such-and-such a street in Bloomsbury or in suburban Putney, where we have to thank our good fortune supposing the drawing-room is thirty feet by twenty. Yet here, and in even less commodious quarters, we imitate our more blessed fellow-mortals, and give our At-Homes. To such an entertainment I received an invitation last Friday: and, because my friends the M . . . . s are really excellent good people, of whom I am sincerely fond, and I had no manageable excuse for getting off, I accepted it. The evening was drizzly, and the distance prodigious: so there was nothing left for it but to hail a hansom, with some not unnatural dissatisfaction at having to expend half-a-crown on so little alluring an entertainment—half-a-crown, you see, would have taken me nicely to the pit for 'A Scrap of Paper,' or made me the possessor of that charming old Catullus I was telling you about the other day, which now probably, forgive me my conceit, will fall into some much less appreciative hands—and drive off. Imagine an ordinary London house, with the narrow passage which we call the hall. A hired man-servant helps you to take off your overcoat, and when you have adjusted your white tie, precedes you to a room at the other end of the hall, through the open door of which you perceive a jammed mass of people, and hear a hubbub

of voices. The grave hireling stridently proclaims your name: at the entrance stands your hostess, who warmly shakes you by the hand, assures you of your kindness in appearing, and keeps one eye the meanwhile fixed upon the next comer, who is following up behind you ready to be announced. And so you pass into the throng, gaze anxiously round for some familiar face, discover one, if you are in luck's way, thread carefully your passage up to it in and out between men's shoulders and over ladies' skirts, and add your voice to the general uproar. You start what one must call a conversation; but only with much ado can you catch what your friend says, and your own effort to get heard rasps your throat, till your voice is quickly as the raven's. The particular difficulty is to keep yourself attentively listening to what your friend is talking about. By some curious fate it is the surrounding chatter which strikes on you with greater distinctness. But the difficulty of listening is by no means confined to the infelicitous circumstances of an At-Home. After all it is an Art. A good listener is as rare a thing as a good talker.

"The perfect charm of Conversation is possible, I sometimes think, only between two, for it is then only that a man is absolutely at his ease. It is a fatal thing to try to be brilliant, or profound, or to show off one's learning, or, what we used to call at College, to 'score off' a man. When there is a third person in the circle the tendency to such things, perhaps inevitably, increases. Yet even, when the circumstances are most favourable, how rare is a good listener! To listen well you must give your friend the sense that you care for what he is saying, that you are not on the alert to catch him up, that you are not in the least hurry, that for the moment he is quietly in possession of you. There is no courtesy finer than this; and there are few things that make for the art of pleasant living more essentially than habits of courtesy. I am not thinking now merely of serious and set conversation. I can call to mind excellent acquaintances of mine, who lack too often that final touch of civility, of quite 'good manners,' which would make a man shrink from conveying any suspicion of indifference, impatience, of a desire to assert himself, when you happen to meet and are talking together. You see, we are

all so full of our own business. We certainly make full use of any opportunity of pouring it forth on our friend, and sweeping him away in the flood of it. His own remarks are little other than impertinences, which we brush aside. We even go the length of asking him at intervals a question or so; but our vacant manner in receiving his answer to it, emphasized by a wandering eye, or a listless tone of voice, or an immediate outburst on some fresh topic, nettles him with the inevitable sense of how formal was the interrogation. I could bring you a dozen excellent talkers for one who possesses the complementary virtue of knowing how to listen.

"No At-Home is complete without a Recitation or two. Silence is proclaimed by the host for Mr. So-and-So to 'kindly favour us' with such-and-such a poem. These Recitations are often in many ways remarkable exhibitions of skilful elocution, and of passion. On Friday evening there arose a young gentleman, slim, thoughtfully attired, a trifle languid in the pose of him, with lank, jet locks. He gave us Lord Tennyson's Ballad of 'The Revenge,' and we all clapped our hands at the close of it. Lord Tennyson has written his poem, you will remember, in strongly-marked rhythmic cadences, and in rhyme. But on this occasion the rhythm was difficult to catch, and the rhymes impossible. I have often found this the case. A poem is recited with chief attention to its grammatical construction, to what would be called the common-sense of it. Is that the right method to proceed upon, I wonder? But this letter is already too long, and I must leave the question for another time. It interests me much, however: it interests me especially in reference to yourself, my boy; for the gods have given you a delicate, musical ear, and a delightful voice. . . . . .

"P.S. When I left my friend's house somewhile after midnight, Nature was in her most tenderly consoling and reinvigorating mood. The rain had ceased: and from the deep, purified heavens shone down the whole company of stars. A gentle wind from the north-west bore with it, as in the early hours of the morning I have more than once experienced even in the heart of London, the sweet scents of the country, of hay-fields, of cottage-gardens, of wayside

flowers. Amid this fragrant silence, under the immense and brilliant firmament, fatigue, petulance, regrets, criticism, vanished. Unconscious of the distance, I had reached home as if with magical celerity. And it was magical: for had not Nature herself bent down, and disencumbered me of all these impertinences?"

Letter II. *Of the Art of Reading Aloud.* "My dear Leonardo, ... There is no doubt a difference between the Art of Reading and the Art of Reciting, yet in the main the same criticism applies to each. The gentleman I was telling you of, who recited for us the other evening Tennyson's 'Revenge,' set me pondering, as such performances always do, over the cognate and much wider Art of Reading Aloud. You will think me, I am afraid, difficult to please, and querulous. I have been complaining to you how hard a thing it is to come across a good Listener: it is an equally hard thing to come across a good Reader. We are taught Reading with about the same felicity in the result as we are taught the Classics: few of us can construe a Latin passage at sight, or read out a page of the new novel with intelligence and certainty enough to give pleasure. It is really astonishing how many of your friends, educated friends, educated gentlemen from the Universities, I have known, who, if you ask them what news there is in the morning's Paper, cannot give you a short paragraph without stutterings and corrections. Reading Aloud is no doubt largely a matter of practice; one's tongue needs to be loosed. But it is an Art worth the trouble of its practice: and one fancies that it must be within the grasp of most intelligent and well-educated people to obtain an acceptable skill therein.

"I would say, that Reading Aloud, like Conversation, is not for a crowded assembly: it is for where two or three are gathered together in the name of peace. Under the shade of a tree upon a summer's lawn, in the warm, fragrant nook of some half-cut hay-stack, best of all, perhaps, where the curtains are drawn against the winter's desolation, and the room is mellow with soft lamplight, cheerful with the crackle of the fire: here are the occasions for exercising our accomplishment; when we ask not for an audience and applause, but for a friend only, or at most a few friends, with whom we may share the luxury of our literary sensations.

"The young gentleman, who recited for us the other evening, was, as I told you, so taken up with his grammatical constructions and dramatic passion, that the rhythmical cadence of the verses, and their rhymes, he let go to the winds. I take it, that this is scarcely the way in which a poet would wish his work to be given us. To put the matter on a very low ground, the rhymes and the rhythm have cost him considerable trouble. Rhymes are not things which even poets hold at their beck and call: but rather, though at moments they come plentifully and unbidden, hovering round the inspired brain, waiting only to be arrested and summoned into its service, they are perpetually coy and difficult, and, when once arrived, have a trick of unpleasant masterfulness about them. It would be an interesting experience could one hear a true Confessio Poetae, and learn how often the necessities of a rhyme have changed his purpose, and settled by some mechanical requirement the final form of an expression, which strikes us as quite immediately inspired. To set the fine genius of a poet, then, on so difficult an exercise as rhyming, and yet, when we read his exercise out, to make of his rhymes, this painful solicitude of his for enchanting us, just nothing at all, seems a wrong-headed piece of business. I remember some years ago being called upon to review a class of children in one of our elementary schools, and amongst other performances to hear them recite their poetry. The subject of their study was the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and it is fixed indelibly on my memory in what a matter-of-fact way they gave poor Sir Walter's lines, curiously solicitous that at all events I should be under no mistake as to their understanding the grammatical analysis of them, in tones of the most prosaic emphasis sentence by sentence explaining the sequence of things, as it were a barrister unfolding to the court the entanglements of his case. The governess, careful and conscientious lady, was deaf to all I ventured afterwards to pour into her private ear in support of another method of reading verse: she called it "sing-song." I do not here enter upon the question, how far this criticism was justified by my bad reading. There is of course such a thing as "sing-song," and a distressing thing it is. Yet a poem after all is to my old-fashioned mind essentially a piece of

music, the poet is a singer, his verses are something for us to chaunt. And this essential element in them, this element of musical sounds and cadences, is the first which a good reader would wish to impress on us. The rhythm we *shall* hear, the rhymes, if there be rhymes, we *shall* hear, at any cost. The tones of the voice, the long-drawn lingering of the voice over certain syllables, shall tend towards the emphasization of these things. I count the man, who reads me a passage of Homer, or Isaiah, or a love-song of Burns, without the sense of this principle, as lacking the primal justification for calling on me to listen to him. I will endure him, no not for all his dramatic force, his clear elocution, his indisputably evidenced capability of correctly analysing and parsing the passage."

Letter III. "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes.*" . . . . . "Perhaps it is in a natural and healthy reaction from the frolic of our last night's entertainment, or perhaps it is because my work this afternoon has been sadly let and hindered by the visit of a charming little friend, whose prettiness robbed me of all heart to send her away, so that we sat chattering nonsense and sipping tea on and on: at any rate I feel this evening in a downright preacher's mood, an instructive, fervent, hortatory mood, that must have a congregation to expend itself on: and so, my dear Leonardo, you must play congregation to me, please, and imagine yourself sitting still and mute like a reverent member in his proper pew, and listen to my sermon.

"I have just been looking over a small portfolio of designs to the Song of Solomon by that famous king's living namesake, Mr. Simeon Solomon. Their singular qualities of mystical significance and rich, sensuous decorativeness held me fascinated; they are exactly of a piece, that is, with the poem which they illustrate; and can one give much higher praise? When I had done looking at the drawings I took down my Bible to read a passage or two of this canonical scripture, and the first words my eyes lit upon were altogether consonant with my somewhat worried and depressed state; they are the cry of the Bridegroom fearful for his garden, 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.'

"The late Bishop of London wrote a book on the 'Sinful-

ness of little sins,' if I remember rightly, and put this quotation felicitously at the beginning of it as a motto. But it is by no means only the little sins that spoil life, but life's little experiences generally, those things which fret and fritter away our strength and performance, our use and enjoyment of life. If I may be forgiven an alliterative sentence, though I am not at all sure that I ought to be forgiven that catchpenny trick of which our modern *littérateurs* are so enamoured, I would say that life is spoiled not by its sins but by its silliness, not by its pains but by its paltriness. These are the foxes, the *little* foxes, that spoil our vines; that eat up the grapes, or leave only the sour ones to make but acid wine, and turn our stomachs. Life after all is a Fine Art, or rather it is the Ars Artium itself: and how few of us have, I do not say a mastery over, but an initiation even into its secrets! In Art, you know, the great thing is to obtain breadth, to understand what is the proper proportion between the many elements of our subject, which of them to insist upon, which of them to press lightly upon, which of them to ignore. On the rock of details goes many a man to perdition. Is it not so with the details of every-day existence? To know how to treat them is the difficulty. This afternoon, for example, I had set myself with some scrupulosity to get through such and such work: but my charming little visitor, as I have told you, turned up unexpectedly, and the work by no means got done. Not being a skilled performer in the Art of Living, I was the whole time more or less wretched at having my intentions upset, with the result that I have ever since been in an irritable condition, extremely unpleasant and harmful to myself, and also unpleasant, it is probable, to my friends. A practical person will be likely enough to say, 'But why did you not send the girl away, tell her you were busy, and so go on with your work?' Ah! but that supposes that my plans were of such unquestionable importance, that they had to be carried through. When a thing presents itself to you in that determined shape, all substantial difficulty vanishes; you may be too weak to do your duty, but it is at all events clear. The ordinary hours of life however are not determined enough to be dealt with by rigid, mechanical rules. How graceless and offensive are the slaves of such! I will pray for the instinct, which knows what to do with

each successive experience, which can tell me when to abandon things, when to abandon myself to them, without worry, without regret, without repentance. . . . . ."

Letter IV. *Of the Art of Enjoying Life.* . . . . . "So our dear friend D . . . has gone. For me the loss is irreparable. He was a man naturally of great parts: he might have done much for himself, and for us all: yet now he lies in that crowded, desolate suburban cemetery, known, lamented by how few! His certainly was a pleasure-loving nature. I do not say so in any depreciatory tone. No one could be more generous, more courteous, more ready to do all that he could for you. But he longed passionately to come across whatever pleasures life had in store, to embrace these, to exhaust them: and on the whole how little pleasure he got! how greatly in excess were the long, dismal spaces of intolerable commonplace, of impotent rebellion, of pitiable repentance.

"For he, poor fellow, could not accept things sufficiently, he was always in pursuit of them. Like a child gathering flowers, the finer one for ever seemed ahead; and he rushed forward, dropping all that he had gathered, intent on that one, to be dropped too in its turn. How much of the secret of happiness, even of enjoyment, lies in a power of determined receptivity. I will take what the gods send me; but I will make of it what I choose. And it is astonishing how plastic experiences are. After all they are mere clay, to be left amorphous, or to be modelled into divine shapes, or into fiendish ones. So then, nothing is more fatal than to rush about hunting after opportunities. The Art of Enjoying Life is to be found in our own masterful personality, which determines to see of what fineness this and this moment is capable; what secret lies hid within it; what subtle sensation, intellectual or sensuous, it may be made to yield. . . . . ."

Letter V. *Of the Art of Not Doing Too Much.* "My dear Boy, I went down the other morning, as you asked me, to the National Gallery to look at the Turner. I feel very much on the whole as you do about it. The criticism of an intelligent, educated, sympathetic person, who is not professionally an artist, who has not even an amateur's familiarity with technical matters, is generally, I think, very

much to the point. What he finds fault with, is generally something with which we ought to find fault, if we are taking a well-balanced view of things. Of course I do not mean that such a critic, as I am supposing, should settle or unsettle for me my judgment upon a picture as a whole. In the nature of the case he will be unlikely to appreciate many points about it, the due appreciation of which comes only from wide study of Art, or practical familiarity with its methods. Yet, as no work of Art is absolutely perfect, it is likely enough that it is upon some one of its imperfections that our friend's fresh and unprejudiced intelligence fixes: he may give, certainly, too much weight to his objection; still that by no means prevents the objection being quite valid, so far as it goes. And, after all, there is a bias, a distortion, a blindness, which comes from habits too exclusively professional. We have to weigh the artist's judgment of a picture as well as the public's judgment. I think no wise man, who is also an honest and brave man, would ignore either. But all this is by the way, and must be forgiven me, please, in consideration of the garrulousness, which increasing years induce in one, and a certain accompanying inability not to run off, when tempting digressions present themselves.

"About the Turner. Yes, I quite feel with you, and could wish that it was not exhibited. Of course, there is much that is interesting in the picture, more probably than strikes you. The least scrawl or splash of so great a man as Turner remains always interesting: if it is a failure, it gives us some hint of what he was thinking of and trying after, and is at any rate, therefore, suggestive. Still, it may not for all that find its proper place in a public exhibition, whither come all sorts and conditions of men to stare and pass their judgments. Such experiments or failures, call them which you will, are calculated, I cannot help feeling, very often to prejudice our estimate of an artist, either in the way of making us unjustly depreciative of his talent, or, what is probably worse, affectedly undiscerning, ludicrously undiscerning in our wholesale laudation of it. And Turner's pictures are excellent ones for exemplifying the danger of which I am speaking. He worked prodigiously; but he did not always work, no human being possibly can, with

unvarying success. His own jesting remark over one of his canvases, that it looked like a mess of mustard and oil, or something to that effect, shows his own realization of this. Even in the National Gallery there is more than one painting of his that we could spare off the walls. They do not help, but hinder our judgment of him: they are in the way: and this is, of course, a more fatal objection to take against their presence there, than if one said that they were not up to his best standard, or that they were not in themselves particularly beautiful.

"Turner worked prodigiously: he was always producing, producing. If I did not know you, my dear fellow, to be the most industrious of youths, I should scarcely feel justified in uttering any protest against too much Industry, in preaching the Gospel of that exceedingly Fine Art, the Art of Not Doing Too Much. But this letter is not likely to meet other eyes than your own, so that I need not be under an apprehension of sowing seeds to add to the already too luxuriant crop of the world's Idleness. But is not one sometimes, in thinking over the past history of the Arts, driven into wishing that now and then these indefatigable workers had stayed their hands? Even with the very greatest of them, excepting, perhaps, Michelangelo and Leonardo, who have left so little finished in comparison with their many years, there are things that we could spare; rather, let me put it as I did just now, there are things of theirs in the way, impertinences which annoy us, and hinder our appreciation of them. I will give you only one instance, and it shall be from the Art of Literature: think of Milton's metrical version of the Psalms!

"A man's life, we are told upon the highest authority, consisteth not in the things that he possesseth: and an artist's life, we may say too, consisteth not in the things, certainly not in the number of things, that he produceth. Skill in production, and the desire of it, may become too imperative with a man. Surely the fine brain, the discerning eye, the unfaltering hand, are providentially bestowed on our more favoured brethren, not that they may turn every moment into an opportunity of adding so much and so much to our tangible possessions, but that at the end of their time they may have enriched us with the carefully-wrought expressions

of their best experiences: what matter if these number but half-a-dozen? It may be, therefore, a real and proper self-denial in a man to keep from his canvases or his desk, to refuse to let himself go, to sit quiet, to drink in, to brood over Nature and the experiences she prepares for him, and by no means to allow himself, till the exact moment arrives, the luxury of turning them into Art. A genius for Rest and Idleness is not less admirable than a genius for Activity. The world is by this time very full, not only of human beings, but of their performances: and even the most valuable human beings should be on their guard against overburdening us with superfluous performances: by superfluous, I mean, such as they are not driven to by the necessity of circumstances or their proper genius." . . . .

Warned by such excellent reflections on the virtue of the old philosophic axiom Μηδὲν ἄγαν, let me here bring these extracts to a close. I hope the lad for whom the letters were written found profit in them: I hope on reading their last word he did not utter a sigh of relief, as I do now in transcribing my last extract, tying the bundle up again with its red tape, and dispatching it safely back into the Editorial hands.

SELWYN IMAGE.

IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

The large, calm harbour lies below
Long, terraced lines of circling light:
Without, the deep sea currents flow;
And here are stars, and night.

No sound, no light, no living stir,
But such as perfects the still bay:
So hushed it is, the voyager
Shrinks at the thought of day.

We glide by many a lanterned mast;
Our wailing horns blow wild to warn
Yon looming pier: the sailors cast
Their ropes, and watch for morn.

Strange murmurs from the sleeping town,
And sudden creak of lonely oars
Crossing the water, travel down
The roadstead, the dim shores.

A charm is on the quiet bay,
Charms of the sea; charms of the land:
Memories of open wind convey
Peace to this harbour strand.

Far off Saint David's crags descend
On seas of desolate storm; and far
From this pure rest the Land's drear End,
And ruining waters, are.

Well was it worth to have that hour
Of high and perilous blowing wind;
For here, for now, deep peace hath power
To conquer the worn mind.

I have passed over the rough sea,
And over the white harbour bar;
And this is Death's dreamland to me
Led hither by a star:

Yet what shall dawn be? Hush thee, nay!
Soft, soft is night, and calm, and still:
Save that day cometh, what of day
Knowest thou; good or ill?

Content thee! not the annulling light
Of any pitiless dawn is here;
Thou art alone with ancient night:
And all the stars are clear.

Only the night air, and the dream,
Only the far, sweet-smelling wave,
The stilly sounds, the circling gleam,
Are thine: and thine the grave.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

N SOME OBSOLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The favourite instruments in domestic use at the musical Renaissance, which took place in the seventeenth century, were the Lute, the Viol, and the Spinet. The opportunities to hear these instruments adequately played upon are now very rare, especially the deep-toned sonorous lute and its variety the Theorbo, which may indeed be said to have no living executants. The musical air of the seventeenth century was pervaded with the fascinating sounds of these forgotten stringed instruments; but our acquaintance with their tone is only derived from specimens, preserved here and there under favourable conditions, from which a chord or even a single note bridges over the two centuries, and places us in some relationship of sense with the music of our forefathers who lived at that time. An organ that has escaped the zeal of the restorer will sometimes help, but yet more is wanted;—the intellectual perception which reading brings to the required focus. We have, fortunately for the century under notice, two valuable books which have recently been published, so recently as to be as yet very little known. They are the musical correspondence of the astronomer Huygens ("Musique et Musiciens au XVII^{e} siècle, correspondance et œuvre musicales de Constantin Huygens," publiées par W. J. A. Jonckbloet et J. P. N. Land. Leyde, 1882), and a special chapter of an autobiography of Roger North ("The Autobiography of the Honble. Roger North," edited by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. London and Norwich, 1887), which, a book like the first, of rare merit, has been made public at the instance of Miss Marianne North, herself a distinguished member of that highly endowed family. A little play of imagination, assisted, it may be, by those portrait subjects painted from musical amateurs by Terburg, Metzu, and Netscher, to which I would add for perfect mastery over the musical instruments, Jan Steen; some of which pictures are to be found in our National Gallery and in the great collections of the Dutch masters at Buckingham Palace and Hertford House; will assist our retrospection, and, for the moment, help us to forget all that great treasure of musical

art composed subsequent to the seventeenth century, and containing the whole library of modern composition, from G. F. Handel and J. S. Bach to Richard Wagner. The musicians of the seventeenth century were as far from realizing the charm of Mozart, the passion of Beethoven, or the romanticism, like evening twilight, of Chopin, as the painters who were the immediate followers of Giotto foresaw the glories of the Cinque Cento, or the technical culmination of Veronese, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. What had they then to satisfy their conception of musical art? In any stage of upward progress there is the infinite satisfaction of the worker; and in the seventeenth century, more particularly the earlier years, the Renaissance came, although late, to music, and rendered all subsequent triumphs possible. It was a period of transition from the contrapuntal ingenuity —which had in fact given birth to modern music, but had repressed expression by its aimless problems—to Monody which admitted of accompaniment, an entirely new conception that introduced Recitative and Air, and also Harmony, the succession of simple chords, which, analogous to the simplicity and breadth of Venetian colour, gave a new form of beauty to the world.

This stage of art came clad with a sensuous objectiveness of tone quality, that was as lovely as the tenderness and freshness of spring; so different to our own noble fulness of instrumental wealth, that it can scarcely be imagined that Roger North and Huygens, or any of the cultivated amateurs who were their contemporaries, could have appreciated, had they heard them, our incisive violins, metallic flutes, high-pressure organs, and high-tension pianofortes. I can imagine the refined oboe we have now, far more delicate than any reed wind instrument they possessed, would have been more to their taste. It does seem to me, that the fresh, touching tones of the seventeenth-century stringed instruments carried straight to the heart the melodies that were the musical dialect of that time. We now-a-days sacrifice almost exclusively to power. The composer's palette is of necessity larger, and his material is much more complex, in order to express the larger vocabulary of emotion and passion he has to deal with. The conception of the orchestra, and of its microcosm the pianoforte, has become almost subjective. I

cannot even reserve the organ from the influence of this latest tendency. Yet the peculiar fascination of the older qualities of tone, which coloured the seventeenth-century musical art, will reassert its power when our upward struggle is over, and an ascent gained from which we can look back upon the pleasant pastures, to dwell near which satisfied a quieter age, and for which the lute, the viol, and the spinet were appropriate. The lute, as Huygens knew the instrument, was the fully developed stringed instrument, with finger-board and pear-shaped body originally derived from the East, and perfected at Bologna, with additional bass strings called Diapasons (octaves) to take their part in the then newly devised accompaniment. The latest form, the Bass lute or Theorbo, had those diapasons attached to a higher peg-box, elevated by a second neck. Hof-Wijck, the house Huygens built for himself near the Hague, and surrounded by a beautiful park, contained a rare collection of lutes, theorboes, viols, spinets, harpsichords and organs. Such collections were not then, as is the case now, of the nature of Museums; they were invariably for use, in which the guests who happened to be in the house would share. Huygens had many intimate musical friends in London, Paris, and Antwerp, as well as at the Hague. The Duarte family at Antwerp, a Portuguese Jewish family of great consideration, foreshadowed by their musical reputation that musical fame which has been, of late years, an attribute of their community. Duarte and his four daughters, according to one of Huygens's correspondents, "made a fine concert of lutes, viols, virginals, and voices"; virginals to be understood as the common English name for spinets, and, in fact, all quilled key-board instruments of any size and shape. Francisca Duarte was an intimate friend of the Dutch poetess Maria Tesselschade. Says Evelyn: "When at the magnificent and famous City of Antwerp, in the evening I was invited to Signor Duert's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's; his three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation."

We hear less of the viols at that time in the Low Countries than here. Huygens himself, in writing with some English musical works, to an Austrian Prince, governor of the

Netherlands, and a great amateur of music, speaks of the viol being in its high perfection in England, and composition so solid, that this country owed nothing to Italy. There were three kinds of viols the precursors of our violins, the Treble, Tenor, and Bass, or Viola da Gamba, besides the Violone, or Double Bass, which has come down to the present day, and is invaluable to the modern orchestra. This trio of viols continued in domestic use from the middle of the sixteenth century to the close of the seventeenth. But the Violin and Tenor Violin came in gradually for orchestral purposes during the latter part of this period. The Bass Violin, or Violoncello, was longer in supplanting the Bass Viol; a respite probably due to the similarity of the tuning of this last instrument to that of the Theorbo. The delicate balance of the soft viol concert long withstood the invasion of the more piercing violin; the "scolding violin" as Thomas Mace, a noted English lutenist, called it. Roger North played the treble viol, and later on the viola da gamba and spinet, and although devoted to the study and practice of the law he was a zealous musical amateur. In his chapter treating "Of Music and its Importance in Education," he opens with exultation at his good fortune to be descended from a family to which music was native. His grandfather Dudley, the first Lord North, played "on that antiquated instrument called the treble-viol, now," says Roger North writing many years later, "wholly abrogated by the use of the violin." The whole family played the viols, including Francis North, the Lord Keeper, a younger brother, who performed "most exquisitely and judiciously." An organist was kept in the house, which was seldom without a professed music-master. The servants of parade, that is to say, the gentlemen ushers, with the steward and clerk of the kitchen, all played, and as the daughters sang, it made a concert such as was well esteemed in those times when domestic music flourished. "The concerts were usually all viols to the organ or harpsichord. The violin came in late and imperfectly. When the hands were well supplied, then a whole chest went to work, that is six viols, music being formed for it, which would seem a strange sort of music now, being an interwoven hum-drum, compared with the brisk *battuta*, derived from the French and Italian."

This was the contrapuntal survival, already, when Roger North wrote, moribund, as were those families of instruments, which, like voices, were divided into parts. In speaking about teaching, he regards the viol and violin as fit for men, with the thorough bass instruments, organ, harpsichord, and double bass, that is to say, the instruments of accompaniment, performance on which was, following indications by means of numbers, to a certain extent improvised ; for women, the spinet or harpsichord, lute and guitar were proper. Voices of course for both sexes. The lute was already beginning to give way before the spinet, although the latter was less beautiful in tone, because, there being but one hand to stop the strings, the chords were often presented incomplete, while with two hands upon the spinet this imperfection was rectified ; yet the lute imperfection has descended traditionally, and been allowed by the greatest composers as a means of legitimate effect in modern pianoforte-writing. Another reason for the banishment of the lute for ladies' playing is given by Roger North, that it tended to make their figures crooked ; which may be easily understood in connection with the large lutes that were then in use, difficult to support and play at the same time. The ladies appear to have shunned the bow and the example of St. Cecilia, as Domenichino represented her, playing upon a Viola da Gamba. The spinet was always steadily growing in favour throughout the seventeenth century. The exquisitely toned harpsichords and spinets made by the famous Ruckers family of Antwerp, to which family Jean Couchet belonged, with whom Huygens treated for the purchase of a large harpsichord through his friend Duarte, became the norm for the Low Countries manufacture of those instruments, and were much sought after also in this country. For me, the Ruckers quality of tone is relatively as beautiful as that of the Stradivari or Guarneri violins. But the London spinet makers after the Restoration, and it may be even before, took to an Italian form, that of the Transverse Spinet (Spinetta Traversa), of which the contemporary Haward, Hitchcock, and Keene were masters, and we read how Samuel Pepys, after some hesitation, acquired a spinet from Haward's shop in Aldgate. But the greater strength of the tone of this special form of the

instrument affected the musical quality, and to restore the balance the longer harpsichord was required, but had to wait for perfection until the magnificent instruments of Kirckman and Shudi were made in the next century. In their hands the harpsichord culminated.

To be added to the fascination of tone of these seventeenth-century lutes, viols, and spinets, is the old world adornment, accentuation, or filling up by what are known as "graces." There has been a great variety of these pleasing ornaments, but the principal were the *vibrato*, the trill, and the beat. We might suppose that accentuation, or filling up, were the chief incentives to the use of the trill and beat for instruments such as those we have under notice, which are of the *pizzicato* kind, the sounds after production being evanescent. But it was not so, as some of the earliest noted compositions for the organ, a *sostenente* instrument, have clear indications for such ornaments. The *vibrato* was much practised in playing lutes and viols. It is described by Roger North as being as charming as in its way complete. It is as "if the instrument were a little shaken with the wind of its own sound." Trills and beats were practicable on the viols and spinets—notes rapidly repeated in the relation of seconds; in the trill the upper note being the accessory, in the beat the lower. He attributes the peculiar charm of these graces to their being "the interspersion of discords in proper places;" the trill denoting the repeated falling of the interval of a second upon the principal note, and the beat the hanging back upon the seventh of the scale, which seeks to satisfy the ear by mounting upwards. It is easy to understand that the performance of a melody without the graces that belong to its conception, is like a painting in dead colour before the artist expends his glazes upon it. To again quote from the same authority, and also with reference to the equally natural and world-wide practice of the *rubato* or varied movement, which cancels the mechanical impression of an undeviating time: "There is no greater grace than breaking the time in minutes and still holding it punctually upon the main to conserve the grand beat or measure. For this sprinkling of discord or error, is like damask, grotesque or any unaccountable variation in colours, that renders a thing

agreeable, and yet we discern not the distinction of parts, but only a pretty sparkling, such as painters observe Nature hath, which Art cannot altogether imitate. And a plain sound thus set off is like a dull plain colour, or as a bad copy of a good picture, that wants the spirit and life which a sparkling touch gives it. Thus a life and warmth in the colouring of a picture are well resembled to graces in Music, which are not the body, but the soul which enlivens it, or as the animal spirits that cannot be seen or felt, but yet make that grand difference between a living [person] and a dead corpse." After this comparison, what shall be said of those claiming to be editors of sixteenth and seventeenth-century music, who ruthlessly excise all indications of the graces, because perhaps it may be difficult to explain them; and after the manner of certain picture restorers, present to us only the groundwork the painter's finer touches had concealed!

It will be remarked that these distinguished amateurs disregarded wind instruments, which was due to the want of refinement in the flutes, oboes, and bassoons that were then available, but which were with curved cornets, and other obsolete instruments, relegated to town bands, and similar vulgar combinations. The improvement of the wood-wind, and extension of the brass family, twice re-cast during the present century through important inventions, have been among the noteworthy organographic facts of our own time, and have had an important influence upon the present conception of an ideal quality of tone. We have resigned the charm of the German one-keyed flute, but that belonged to the eighteenth century, not the seventeenth. The flutes that Huygens and Roger North heard were the flûtes douces or Recorders, played like the flageolet, the latest survival of them. At that time the chance for Marsyas in competition would have been a very poor one. It was in that grand agglomeration of flute and reed instruments, the organ, that tone was to be found of an exceeding richness and beauty, of a devotional character, and in the foundation registers always satisfying to the ear.

A. J. Hipkins.

THE CORONA CORINNAE; BEING A CELEBRATION, IN SIX SONGS, OF A MASK OF DANCING, NAMED THE SEASONS.

I.

To his Muse by way of Prologue.

Go, bid Love stay
  And make a maddening rhyme
    Unto the dancing feet,
    That may perchance repeat,
  Within some other brain another time,
This measure done, forgotten, put away.

Ah! if it might, might in some hastening year
  Re-woo its magic from the ravening past,
    Make suddenly the movement, the delight,
The gaiety, the freshness, re-appear;
  Although no longer than a thought it last—
                Ah! if it might.

II.

Of this Land of Love's.

This is Love's land, and here we find
  The birds and flowers that are his own;
Nothing there is unlike his mind,
  Nothing but he therein is shown;
For wings, and leaves, and blossoms prove
Themselves the very heart of Love.

Here are the seasons that Love's year,
  Nay, that each hour of Love must know;
Though they the gaudy June do bear,
  They bring him wintry times also;
Still, still, methinks, he would not change,
Though, in their stead, 'twere his to range
Through the deep grass, by flowery roads,
Where gleam the white feet of the Gods.

III.

The Measure.

Between the pansies and the rye
Flutters my purple butterfly;

Between her white brow and her chin
Does Love his fairy wake begin:

By poppy-cups and drifts of heather
Dances the sun and she together;

But o'er the scarlet of her mouth,
Whence those entreated words come forth,
Love hovers all the live-long day
And cannot, through its spell, away;
But there, where he was born, must die,
Between the pansies and the rye.

IV.

To Herrick.

In vain, at all to my content,
Have I my thoughts through nature sent
  To search, with keenest glance,
All things on high, around, below,
But for one figure that would show
  Corinna in the dance.

Either my brain is dull, or we
With narrow bounds content must be,
  Contented, too, to find
The same sweet flowers that used to win
The eyes of poets dead, within
  The meadows of the mind:

For only this worn image wrought
In marble words the eluding thought
  Justly, and one, I fear,
Familiar as the trees or sky:
"She dances like my heart, when I
  "Set eyes upon my dear."

Still might I say, as well I could
When thinking of a summer wood,
And, really, one believes
It is the best yet hit upon :
" She dances like the dancing sun
" Among the dancing leaves."

But even this, expressing much,
Yet wants, I think, the human touch
Which all such styles demand ;
For though it laughs upon the wing
Of verse, 'tis but a pretty thing,
And lacks the master hand.

Ah ! Herrick, now where are those rhymes,
Which we in former, thoughtless, times
Had deemed omnipotent
To tell, as never yet was told
In song, all things which Life of old
Has unto Beauty lent ?

Truly, to thee each joy that stirs
That secret, wayward, heart of hers
Is clay upon the wheel :
These you can fashion as you list,
But not the turning of her wrist,
The glancing of her heel.

V.

" If She be made of White and Red."

If she be made of white and red,
As all transcendent beauty shows ;
If heaven be blue above her head,
And earth be golden as she goes ;
Nay, then thy deftest words restrain,
Tell not that beauty, it is vain.

If she be filled with love and scorn,
As all divinest natures are;
If 'twixt her lips such words are born
As can but Heaven or Hell confer;
Bid Love be still, nor ever speak,
Lest he his own rejection seek.

VI.

To Corinna in intercession for Love.

Now all be hushed, all, all be wholly still,
For Love is far too glad for song or speech,
Love that hath stayed; now let him have his will,
The mouth, the eyes, the cheek, he did beseech.

Why should he sing? Is it not song enough
That she, between those sighs that ever start
Suddenly from him, as from Boreas rough,
Should hear the measure of his beating heart?

Therefore constrain him, that he speak no word
Till the consuming stillness do eclipse
All but delight: then shall no sound be heard,
Save only rustling curls, and nestling lips.

Herbert P. Horne.

FREDERICK SANDYS AND THE WOOD-CUT DESIGNERS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The Pre-Raphaelite Movement, dating from 1849, which—by its insistence, in landscape, upon a close and minute reference to nature, and, in figure-pictures, upon an unconventional and vividly imaginative treatment—gave new life to English painting, was not long in making its influence felt upon English book-illustration. The period of the Annuals, with their elaborate line-engravings, the days of Bentley and Ainsworth's Magazines, with their spirited Cruikshank etchings, were nearly past, and the time was ripe for a new school of designers.

The first traces of the fresh impetus and new direction, so far as wood-cuts are concerned, are visible in the two illustrations contributed by Rossetti and Millais to a scarce little volume of poems by Mr. Allingham, "The Music Master," published by Routledge in 1855. Then came Moxon's great "Tennyson" of 1857, which, in its splendid designs by Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, shows sufficiently distinct evidence of the working of the new leaven; and the unconventional character of these designs is emphasised by the contrast which they afford to the work upon old lines which forms the remaining illustrations of the book. The "Tennyson" was followed in 1862 and 1866 by Rossetti's four designs to his sister's volumes of poems, "The Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress," which close the series of book-illustrations by the chief modern master of art romantic and mediæval in its spirit—a series all too short to satisfy the desires of the lover of the things of the imagination.

It was, however, reserved for three magazines which were started about this time to draw together a group of artists, mainly younger men, nearly all powerfully influenced by Pre-Raphaelitism, and to form one of the most remarkable schools of modern book-illustration. "Once a Week" was commenced in 1859, "Good Words" and "The Cornhill Magazine" in the following year, and in the earlier volumes of these and, more occasionally, in such other periodicals of the time as "The Quiver," "The Argosy," "The Shilling

Magazine," and "The Churchman's Family Magazine," will be found a series of woodcut designs which for their accomplished draughtsmanship, and very especially for their imaginative power, are not altogether unworthy of preservation in the portfolio of the collector, beside the cherished wood-cuts of the 15th and 16th centuries.

At the head of these designers were Millais and Frederick Walker, the former rising into full artistic mastery, and freeing himself from the straiter limitations of Pre-Raphaelitism, the latter only very indirectly influenced by the movement. For the most part the designs of these two men are modern figure-subjects; and their long series of wood-cuts will yet come to be valued as the most complete, the most graceful and faithful record that art has preserved of the English middle-class life of thirty years ago. Nor when they treated the things of the past—as Walker did in his illustrations to "Denis Duval," and Millais in his "Bridal of Dandelot," his "Knightly Worth," and his five designs to Miss Martineau's "Anglers of the Dove,"—was their mastery less complete, their charm less assured.

As we have indicated, Rossetti did not contribute to these magazines, and the few designs that Holman Hunt supplied, fail to represent him at his highest, for this artist always requires the aid of colour to produce his full effect, and when rendered by the black and white of the engraver his drawings have a tendency to appear rather bald and empty. In some of his "Tennyson" designs however, very notably in his woodcut to "The Lady of Shalott," the latter reached an imaginative point which has been surpassed by no modern book-illustrator whatever.

By Burne-Jones we have only two subjects, the rich and elaborate "Summer Snow" in "Good Words" for 1863, incorrectly indexed as by "*Christopher* Jones," and the powerful "King Sigurd," contributed to "Good Words," in 1862, a design—characteristic of the earlier period of his art, its more distinctly mediæval phase, when he was under the direct influence of Rossetti—which in spite of technical shortcomings in draughtsmanship, is a noble work, quaintly decorative in effect, and passionate and expressive in the faces of its figures and in the action of their hands.

Another notable illustrator of the time is M. J. Lawless,

the very Proteus of designers, so widely varying in style are his drawings. He shows at his very best in scenes purely mediæval like "Heinrich Frauenlob," though his undoubted masterpiece is the death of "John of Padua," a wood-cut which, like so much else of the artist's, first appeared in "Once a Week," and was republished, along with other admirable examples of his work and of that of designers contemporary with him, in the illustrated edition of Thornbury's "Ballads and Songs," 1876. But of Lawless we hope to speak in some future number. Pinwell was another of the group of artists with whom we are dealing, and he executed some admirable designs, the most striking of which, especially a noble wood-cut titled "Maid Mettelil," are to be found in Buchanan's "Ballad Stories of the Affections." He is, however, seen at his highest in such water-colours as "Gilbert à Becket's Troth," recently visible at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, a work fully representative of his exquisite refinement of handling and colour and of his richly fruitful imagination. Among the other designers of the group was A. B. Houghton, who was most at home in Eastern subjects; Mr. E. J. Poynter, who gives learned draughtsmanship and occasionally extreme richness of decorative effect; and, to name a widely differing artist, Mr. Whistler, some of whose wood-cuts—that admirable one, for example, of a girl seated beside a table, the second illustration to "The Trial Sermon" in "Good Words" for 1862—are well worthy of being preserved by those who value his etchings.

Again, in the earlier years of the last-named periodical we have the work of a knot of young Scottish artists, several of whom have since become celebrated. It is curious to contrast the stiffness and timidity of Orchardson's illustrations to "Lady Somerville's Maidens," and "David Chart's Memoranda," with the mature work of this perfect master of things delicate and graceful in the life of the present and the past. In such of his designs as "The Country Surgeon," and "The Passion-Flowers of Life," Pettie is already an accomplished workman, strong, spirited, and selective in draughtsmanship, and with easy mastery of character; while Tom Graham also contributes some individual and excellent work.

It is unnecessary here to follow modern wood-cut design into its more recent phases, to do more than note the change —a change broadly from poetic and imaginative subjects to more literal rendering of contemporary life—marked by the establishment of "The Graphic" in 1869, and afterwards by the appearance of the modern American school of engravers, aided by photography, distinguished by the most delicate mechanical perfection, and strongly influenced by the aims and methods of recent French landscape-painting.

Among the wood-cut designers of thirty years ago, a few only of whom we have mentioned above, a distinguished place is occupied by Frederick Sandys, whose name is less widely known than it deserves. Though a painter of portraits and of figure-subjects, his drawings for the periodicals of the time comprise some of his very best and most typical productions; and, as a designer of subjects of a poetical and imaginative class, he ranks, with the one exception of Rossetti, as the foremost member of the group.

He was born at Norwich in 1832, the son of a painter of the place, from whom he received his earliest art-instruction. Among his first drawings was a series of illustrations of the birds of Norfolk, and another dealing with the antiquities of his native city, which has been celebrated for its antiquities and its antiquaries since the days when Sir Thomas Browne drew up his *repertorium* of the tombs and monuments in the cathedral, and entertained Evelyn in his house in the Norwich Haymarket, a house which, in the words of his guest, was "a very Paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things."

Soon the young Sandys came to London, where he worked for some brief time in the schools of the Royal Academy, and under George Richmond, R.A., and Samuel Lawrence. His method as a portraitist in crayons is very manifestly founded upon the practice of the latter artist. Probably, he first exhibited in 1851, when the portrait-drawing of "Henry Lord Loftus," appears as the work of "F. Sands" in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, to whose exhibitions he has contributed in all forty-seven pictures and drawings.

In 1857 he published a very curious design, a large pen-

lithograph, parodying Millais' "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" —exhibited that year in the Royal Academy—and satirizing Ruskin's advocacy of the Pre-Raphaelites. The print, a piece of sufficiently good-humoured fun we can well believe, and done without bitterness, is now exceedingly scarce; but it has been reproduced, in a reduced form and without the verses, in Richard Fisher's catalogue of his collection of engravings.

In 1860, the artist commenced his very remarkable series of wood-cut designs, a complete list of which we subjoin for the convenience of any readers who may wish to study his work of this class in detail. The first of them was an illustration to George Macdonald's strangely weird story of "The Portent," published in "The Cornhill." It shows some immaturity, especially in its general disposition of light and shade; but there is admirable dramatic feeling in the crouching foreground figure, the folds of the drapery are largely cast and powerful in design, and the fore-shortening of the right arm and hand is especially skilful. One of the most striking of these wood-cuts, a true triumph of imaginative art, is that titled "Harald Harfagr," the figure of a Norse sorceress, set dark against a fading sky, amid a rich foreground of tall iris stems, and curled ferns, and great-leafed chesnut sprays, communing with her familiar, who appears in the form of a dusky raven, perched upon a branch of pine. Another superb design is that illustrating Miss Rossetti's lovely poem "Amor Mundi." Here we see a white road winding through a stretch of upland moor, beyond which billowy white clouds are sweeping across the sky. In the midst of the foreground, which, with its varied herbage and its stunted brushwood, is treated with singular elaboration and truth to nature, is the lady of the poem, pacing lightly in company with the lover who has beguiled her from treading the steep arduous path which leads skyward. Her luxuriant hair floats round her neck, her laughing rounded cheek meets the summer breeze; in one hand she holds a circular mirror which flashes back her loveliness, and in the other is the apple of sweet forbidden pleasure. Her companion is by her side; his head gaily raised with open mouth, as he sings and touches the lute whose notes accompany his voice. In the immediate front,

unseen by the pair, but directly in the path which they follow, is coiled a deadly snake, with forked and threatening tongue; and beside a shadowed hollow, filled with blackest depths of unsunned water, is "a thin dead body," passing from beauty into ashes, with sunken cheek and withered hand, lying so still that a tiny shrew-mouse crouches undisturbed beside it, while toads of grotesque form, and with gleaming eyes, squat among the strings of the instruments of music that are brought low and rest silent on the grass, and a raven flutters away upon black widespread wings:

"'Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,
Their scent comes rich and sickly?' 'A scaled and hooded worm.'
'Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?'
'Oh, that's a thin dead body, which waits the eternal term.'

"'Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest;
This beaten way thou beatest, I fear is hell's own track.'
'Nay, too steep for hill mounting; nay, too late for cost counting:
This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.'"

Again, we have noble simplicity and solidity of design, with most appropriate and telling introduction of landscape background, in "The Death of King Warwolf" in his burning war-galley, and in the illustration to Miss Rossetti's poem titled "If"; an impressive weirdness, suggestive of Dürer and his contemporaries, in "Yet once more on the Organ play" and "Until her Death"; dramatic and passionate force in "Rosamond, Queen of the Lombards": while the most searching and expressive study of natural form has been turned to admirable pictorial effect in "The Old Chartist."

The design of "Danae in the Brazen Chamber," which forms our illustration, ranks among the very finest of Mr. Sandys' wood-cuts. It was engraved for "Once a Week," —"perfectly cut by Swain, from my point of view the best piece of wood-cutting of our times," writes the artist—who has not been uniformly satisfied with the engraved versions of his work—in a letter now before me; but it was not used for that periodical, and it is here, through the courtesy of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, published for the first time.

A few of these woodcut designs are beneath the best level of Sandys' work; some of them have received rather de-

fective reproduction at the hands of their engravers: but they form a series distinguished by very remarkable artistic qualities, one well worthy of being completely collected and published in some more accessible and permanent form than the scattered pages of the various periodicals in which they first appeared. The care with which they have been elaborated, the minute reference to nature which they have involved, is abundantly evinced by the numerous studies for their individual parts which are in the hands of Mr. Anderson Rose, Mr. Houghton Clabburn, and other collectors; but, preliminary study being once completed, the designs themselves were executed, as the artist's associates at the time have assured us, with a speed and certainty which was positively phenomenal. On their technical side they are marked by exceptional power and expressiveness of draughtsmanship, and by much nobility of design. In each case the available space is admirably treated, filled in a satisfying manner leaving no sense of vacancy and none of redundancy or crowding; the main lines being boldly and forcibly laid down, and then supplemented by a wealth of detail in the elaborately treated drapery and the rich involution of the accessories. On their intellectual side they are distinguished by an imaginative force rare indeed in the art of our time, by a vivid effectiveness of dramatic conception, by an impressive sense of weirdness and mystery, and by great command over intense and tragic feeling as revealed in face and gesture. They fascinate us in proportion as we are fitted to receive the impressions that imaginative art can convey; and to those who are capable of submitting themselves to the influence of the German designers of the time of Dürer, the woodcuts of Sandys, who, both in feeling and execution has much kinship with these, will not fail to carry their own peculiar message.

Among the artist's other works in black and white are a large number of graceful female heads more or less ideal and poetic in their treatment, like the "Tears" which was published in the "Art Journal" in 1884, the "Proud Maisie" reproduced in "Pan" in 1881, and again, in "The Songs of the North," and the "Miranda" which formed the frontispiece to the last April number of the present Journal. And there are the works of definite por-

traiture in crayons which have occupied him during his whole career, and to which he has devoted himself exclusively during recent years. The most important of these is the extensive series of portraits of contemporary authors, in the possession of Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers; works, distinguished by the most absolute precision and completeness of modelling, of which a selection was shown in the Royal Academy of 1882. Two of them have been reproduced, the portrait of Prof. J. R. Green having been engraved in line by G. J. Stoddart, in "The Conquest of England," (1883), while the Matthew Arnold was reproduced in a woodcut by Lacour in the "English Illustrated Magazine" of 1884. He has also executed several nobly impassioned figure-drawings which have not been engraved. Chief among these is the "Judith," and the "Morgan le Fay," reproduced in the "British Architect" in 1879, which alike in conception and execution is one of the artist's masterpieces.

Turning to the pictures by Sandys, we find that these are in some ways less excellent than his drawings. His mastery over colour, though by no means feeble, is less exceptionally powerful than his command over form; and the greatest qualities of his paintings are not peculiar to them, but are precisely the qualities which give value to his work in black and white,—power of design, namely, and exquisite refinement of draughtsmanship, and grasp of character and expression. Indeed in those subjects in which we see the artist at his highest, in subjects of a weirdly imaginative class, the desired result is always most readily attained when the charm of colour is foregone, and the means of expression are limited to mere form and light-and-shade. Accordingly we find that in such poetic scenes of terror as "Morgan le Fay" the artist's drawing is infinitely more impressive than his version in completed colour. His method of handling in oil, too, is marked by an extreme smoothness, by a suppression of all obviousness of touch, from which a certain monotony results, especially in his treatment of subjects on a large scale, as notably in the life-sized portrait of "William Gillian, Esq.," shown in the Royal Academy in 1886.

The best of his oil portraits are the cabinet-sized half-lengths of ladies, executed from about 1862 to 1866, includ-

ing those of Mrs. Susanna Rose, Mrs. Jane Lewis, Mrs. Brand, and Lady Rose. They are characterised by a perfectly marvellous refinement of detail, by a resolute fidelity of portraiture that reminds one of Van Eyck, and by a quiet subtilty of delicate modelling such as is rare indeed beyond the art of Holbein. It is matter of infinite regret that the artist has not depicted in a manner of similar completeness and finish some of the more celebrated of the contemporary men of letters, whom he has drawn in crayons in the interesting series possessed by Messrs. Macmillan. Perhaps the finest of these small oil portraits is that of Mrs. Rose, for here the painter has had to deal with an aged face of exceptional dignity and beauty. This portrait has been twice reproduced, having been etched, from the chalk sketch, by Rajon, and engraved in line by C. G. Lewis from the picture, as frontispiece to Mr. Anderson Rose's catalogue of engraved portraits.

Among the artist's subject-pictures in oil-colours are many scenes from the circle of Arthurian legends; but his two most important works in the medium are his "Medea," dating from 1862-3, and his "Vivien," executed in 1868. The former, which was photographed on a small scale as an illustration to Col. A. B. Richard's poem of the same name, shows a half-length of the wife of Jason, her cheeks pale and thin, and her eyes wild with anguish; the white drapery and the white countenance alike lit up with weird illumination by the flames that issue from a brazier set on a marble slab in front, upon which lie instruments of enchantment,—mysterious runes, pagan images, bright-eyed toads, and a shell filled with clotted human blood. With one hand she pours poison into the brazier from a strangely shaped vessel of glass, the fingers of the other clutch wildly at the necklace of red coral and blue beads that is coiled round her neck; and behind, on the dark background, are wrought symbolical figures of the Golden Fleece, and the ship Argo, and all the tragic things of Medea's life. In sharpest contrast to the gloom, and fierce action, and passion-distorted countenance in this picture, is the calm scornful beauty of the "Vivien." Here the figure is set behind a parapet, curiously inlaid with white and green, upon which the hands rest holding a purple flower, and on which lie an unripe apple and a gaudy

poppy. The bust is clad in red and cloth-of-gold; round the neck and at the ear are set red jasper beads, their translucent surfaces being rendered with the most absolute power and dexterity. The head is crowned with masses of darkest hair, and the face, with its clear-cut features and embrowned, sun-warmed flesh-tones, is seen in profile, relieved against a superb background of peacock feathers,—a symbol, these, of the pride of life, the glory of sumptuous, flower-like flesh, which the whole work expresses.

We have said that the painter's recent work has been almost exclusively in crayon portraiture. One of his latest imaginative subjects is the large crayon design entitled "Lethe," which must have been executed about 1871, for we have seen a study for its foreground vegetation made in Hastings during the previous year. A fine drawing for the head of its figure formed the frontispiece of the first number of the "Universal Review," 15th May, 1888. The design is a vision of that fabled stream which washes the dead clean and free from the fret and worry of mortality, which purges them from every faintest memory of the "fever called living." In the middle-distance are the quiet waters, lying undisturbed by breeze or ripple, a black glassy mirror of the mountains that rise abruptly beyond and fade away in a multitudinous wilderness of rocky summits upon which the white mist of morning broods "softer than sleep." In front is the full-length figure of a maiden clad in long sweeping garments, the very spirit and visible embodiment of the place. She passes along with gentle steps as in a dream; her eyes closed, her lips half opened as though they whispered the things that she sees in vision, her right hand held forth unconsciously to pluck the great poppies that grow around her, and to place them in the vessel that she bears in her arms. It is an exquisite subject, full of the subtlest essence of poetry: and it deepens our regret that an artist capable of such highest things should now confine himself to portraiture, and should have ceased to delight us with noble imaginative work, the like of which gave distinction to the periodicals of thirty years ago.

J. M. Gray.

LIST OF WOODCUTS DESIGNED BY FREDERICK SANDYS.

The Portent. "Cornhill."	1860.
"Yet once more on the Organ play!"* "Once a Week."	1861.
The Sailor's Bride. "Once a Week."	1861.
From my Window. "Once a Week."	1861.
The three Statues of Ægina.* "Once a Week."	1861.
Rosamond, Queen of the Lombards. "Once a Week."	1861.
The Old Chartist.* † "Once a Week."	1862.
The King at the Gate.* "Once a Week."	1862.
Jacques de Caumont.* "Once a Week."	1862.
The Death of King Warwolf.* † "Once a Week."	1862.
The Boy Martyr.* "Once a Week."	1862.
Harald Harfagr.* † "Once a Week."	1862.
"Until her Death." "Good Words."	1862.
Manoli. "Cornhill."	1862.
Life's Journey. Wilmott's "Sacred Poetry of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries."	1863.
The Little Mourner. Wilmott's "Sacred Poetry of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries."	1863.
The Waiting Time.‡ "Churchman's Family Magazine."	1863.
Sleep. "Good Words."	1863.
Amor Mundi. "Shilling Magazine."	1865.
Helen and Cassandra.* "Once a Week."	1866.
The Advent of Winter.§ "Quiver."	1866.
"If." "Argosy."	1866.
Cleopatra. "Cornhill."	1866.
Jacob hears the Voice of the Lord. Dalziel's Family Bible (Drawn long previously.)	1881.
Danae in the Brazen Chamber. Now first published.	

* Republished, sometimes under other titles, in Thornbury's "Ballads and Songs," 1876. † Republished in "Art Journal," 1884.

‡ Republished in "Pictures of Society," 1866.

§ The pen drawing for this wood-cut was reproduced in "Art Journal," 1884.

It should be noted that the wood-cuts of "The Dying Heroes," ("Once a Week," 1861,) and "The Sheep and the Goat," ("Good Words," 1863,) are erroneously entered in the Indices as by Sandys; they were not designed by him.

In addition to the works mentioned above, line-engravings by J. Saddler, after designs by Sandys, form the frontispieces to Miss Muloch's "Christian's Mistake," (the single-volume edition), and George Meredith's "Shaving of Shagpat," 1865. J. M. G.

A NOTE UPON THE DRAWING OF "KING RENE'S HONEYMOON," BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

The design, of which our frontispiece is a reproduction, was a first study, drawn by Mr. Madox Brown in 1861, for one of the panels of a cabinet in the possession of Mr. J. P. Seddon, the architect. The subjects proposed for the decoration of this cabinet being Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, Mr. Brown suggested a series of imaginary incidents in the "Honeymoon" of King Réné by which to express them, that king having been skilled in all these arts; he himself designing the "Architecture," while the other subjects were invented by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones. At a later period Mr. Brown painted an oil and a water-colour version of this same subject; one of these, now in the possession of Mr. J. Hamilton Trist, was No. 31 in the exhibition of Mr. Madox Brown's works held in 1865, at 191, Piccadilly, and is thus described in the remarkable catalogue, written by the artist himself, of that exhibition: "King Réné was titular King of Naples, Sicily, Jerusalem, and Cyprus; and father of our celebrated and unfortunate Margaret, Queen to Henry VI. He was poet, painter, architect, sculptor, and musician; but most unfortunate in his political relations. Of course, as soon as he married, he would build a new house, carve it and decorate it himself, and talk nothing but Art all the 'Honeymoon' (except, indeed, love). It is twilight, when the workmen are gone. Finished study for a picture." It may be pertinent to add here some further account of this king. Réné of Anjou, we read, born in 1409, was the son of Louis II., Duke of Anjou and Count of Provence. In 1434 he succeeded his brother Louis III., who had died in Calabria while waiting for the succession of Queen Joanna II. of Naples, by whom he had been named heir; but before this time Réné had married Isabella of Lorraine. After the death of Queen Joanna in 1435, he laid claim to the kingdom of Sicily and Naples; but after a long struggle he was finally driven out of Naples, in 1442, by Alfonso of Aragon. In 1445, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter with Henry of England, he had restored to him the territories of

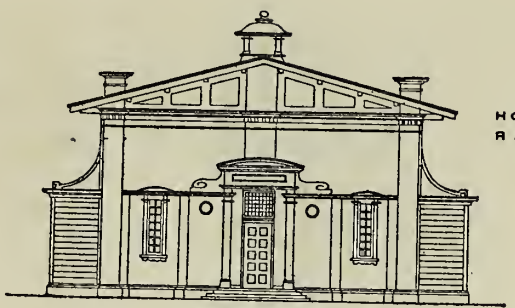
Anjou and Maine, then in the possession of the English. Réné now resided at Angers, and occasionally at Aix in Provence, where he was busied with the affairs of his kingdom, and with not only the arts mentioned above, but with those also of prose and poetry. He was, moreover, much devoted to the culture of fields and gardens, and introduced many trees and plants into Provence. In 1473 Louis XI. of France seized Anjou under some pretence, and Réné retired to Aix in Provence, where he died in 1480, still loved by his people, and called by them "Le bon Roi Réné"; for he yet continued to style himself King of Sicily and Jerusalem.

The cabinet, for the decoration of which the present design was originally conceived, is Gothic in character, and made of oak, polished and inlaid with woods of various colours; the hinges being of metal, painted. The face of the lower portion, which rests immediately upon the ground and forms the greater bulk of the cabinet, contains four panelled doors, the central two of which project slightly beyond those which are at either end. On the panel of the door to the extreme left is painted in oils the design significant of "Architecture," and which is almost identical with the cartoon now reproduced; except that upon the gold background is a pattern of lines and dots, and that above the figures is set the kind of canopy represented in Mediæval manuscripts. This background and canopy is repeated in the other three panels. The dress of the king is of a purplish red, lined with blue, his shoes of scarlet; while the white dress of the queen is edged with dark fur, and embroidered with red and blue flowers done in outline. The two panels of the projecting, central portion of the cabinet, were painted by Mr. Burne-Jones. In the first of these, the king is shown drawing the figure of a woman, as his queen stands over him: in the third panel he is at work carving a statue, while the attitude of the queen would seem to express astonishment at his art. The remaining panel on the right, representing "Music," was designed by Rossetti. Here the queen is seated, playing at a kind of regal, or chamber organ, the bellows of which are blown by King Réné. She is in a dress of green; and as she is playing, a cloak of fur lined with orange falls from her shoulders, as the king bends over the instrument to kiss her. In the upper portion of the cabinet are four little square panels,

painted with the half-lengths of girls variously engaged : one of them is at a frame, embroidering ; another, wearing a wimple, weaves a chequered cloth.

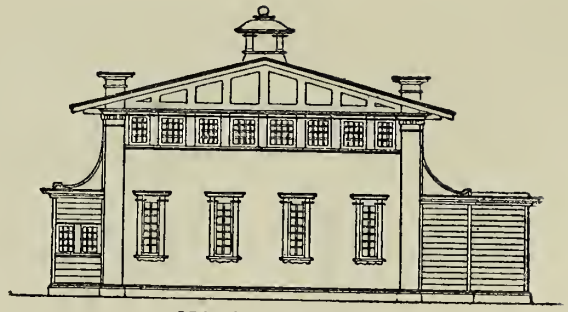
Here it will be possible to touch but very shortly upon some of the excellences of the work of Mr. Madox Brown. That these excellences should need at all to be touched upon, that they are not everywhere acknowledged and admired, can only cease to be a matter of surprise to those who have divined that though fine Art may have a birth-place in England, it has no home. In the drawing before us, its expressiveness, especially in the heads and hands, the fulness of its design, the knowledge and invention in the Mediæval details, and above all the conception of the scene as a whole, cannot but at once appeal to anyone who has a sound and catholic appreciation of Art. It is that quality which has been described as "his giant powers of dramatic invention," that is the distinguishing note in his work. To take little touches of this power as examples, one might mention the oaken branch which he makes Cromwell carry in the picture of the farm at St. Ives, plucked in place of the forgotten whip ; or again, his use of certain conditions of light,—the vertical sunlight of the "Elijah," the chill grey light of "The Last of England" ; or again, the mysterious witch-like glamour of the windows of the four archangels in the church of St. Michael and All Angels, at Brighton. But what can instances such as these convey to those who have not seen his pictures? To use words spoken nearly fourteen years ago, but which to-day, surrounded as we are by the influences of the French school of "disinterest," seem to take to themselves a new meaning, words spoken by one who is himself a painter, and more fitted to speak of these things than most of us, we cannot but regard Mr. Madox Brown "as a great teacher and pioneer in English Art, distinct, not comparable ; a unique figure among our few noble painters, and in many of the grandest qualities second to no living man." THE EDITOR.

UPB



FRONT ELEVATION

HOUSE FOR AN ARTIST
A H MACKMURDO ARCHT



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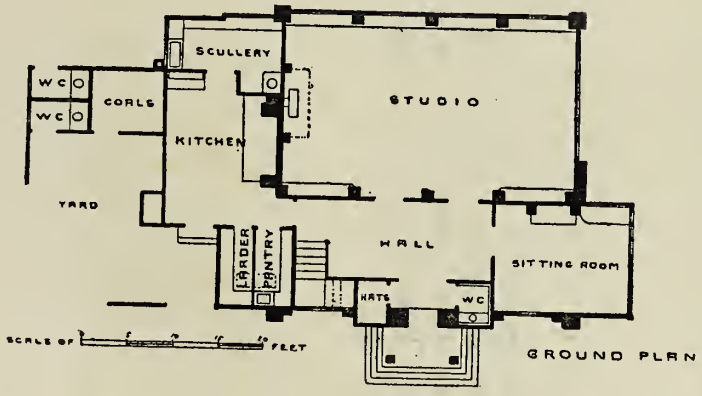
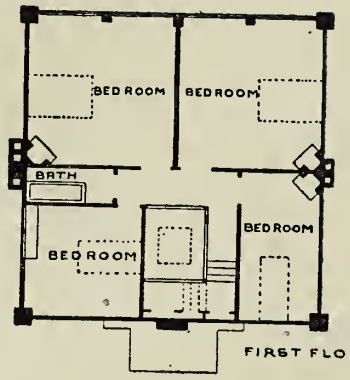


GROUND PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

CENTURY GUILD WORK.

House for an Artist.

The accompanying illustration is of a house planned for an artist living a few miles out of London. It provides him with a studio in addition to the simple requirements of a house. As this had to be done with the utmost economy, a method of construction is adopted which gives great strength and adequate protection from the weather with a minimum of material. The walls consist of large piers set at points where the weight and thrust of the roof and flooring are made to fall; and between these piers the panels of brickwork are covered with cement rough cast, which makes the house both warm and dry. The architectural character, both within and without the house, is made to depend upon the simplicity of its features, and upon the niceness of their proportions. The cost of the house is six hundred pounds.

The Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery.

Besides many most interesting Works of Art from the hands of our best Designers, some few examples of work by the artists of the Century Guild may be seen at the above Exhibition in Regent Street. The Exhibition is open for the months of October and November.

NOTICES OF SOME CURRENT WORK.

A window of four lights, in the parish church of Morthoe, near Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, has lately been filled with stained glass executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Baine, from the designs of Mr. Selwyn Image. Full-length figures of the four archangels fill almost entirely the field of the lights, leaving but little space for backgrounds or accessories. In the first light is a figure of St. Michael resting upon a great two-handed sword: next to him is St Uriel holding the sun. The third light contains St. Raphael with a staff, lanthorn, and pilgrim's bottle; while in the last is St. Gabriel bearing a stem of lilies and a scroll inscribed with the Angelic Salutation. The effect of the whole is that of a golden light ranging from the colour of a primrose to a deep orange, and is obtained almost entirely by the use of a yellow stain upon white glass; what other colours there are, the greens, a blue, and a red, being sparingly used, with a gem-like effect, in the aureoles, in the linings of the copes, and here and there in the backgrounds. Like all Mr. Image's work, the design of the present window is extremely individual in its character, strong, simple, and vigorous in its conception and method of execution, and with a complete disdain of anything approaching to mere prettiness. The glass is the gift to the church of Dr. G. B. Longstaff, of Twitchen, Morthoe.

Mr. Frederic Shields has finished a large cartoon in oils of "The Resurrection" to be executed in Cloisonné-Mosaic, the invention of Mr. Clement Heaton, for the centre panel of the reredos of the church of St. Mary without the Walls, Chester, the gift to the church of His Grace the Duke of Westminster. The Cloisonné-Mosaic is based on an extension of the principles of the Japanese cloisonné enamel, but with this difference, that it is fitted to the decoration of the very largest spaces. Examples of the Cloisonné-Mosaic are to be shown at the forthcoming Arts and Crafts Exhibition, at the New Gallery, Regent Street; and others are already to be seen at the office of the Agency for the North of England, The Temple, Dale Street, Liverpool. Among the decorative objects more recently executed in this material, are a series of door panels from the designs of Mr. Selwyn Image, and two very large vases designed by Mr. Heaton.

In our April number, we drew attention to the remarkable work in silhouette of Mr. Smetham Allen. Below we reproduce one of Mr. Allen's designs, the original of which was cut out of paper in the way then described. By the process of reproduction, much of that evident sense of spontaneity has been lost, and consequently not a little of its charm. Still, sufficient is left to show what a genuine

gift of invention Mr. Allen has, coupled with this singular attainment. Mr. Allen has lately been using thin sheets of brass or copper, in the place of paper; the silhouettes so obtained are laid on a bed of enamel of some single colour, and brought to a surface. In this form they can be variously used as a means of decoration.

THE CENTURY GUILD WORK.

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BEATEN AND CHASED BRASS, COPPER, AND IRON WORK:

Mr. ESLING, at the Agents of the Century Guild.

IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

EMBROIDERY:

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